

SMOKERS

WE WOULD MOST EARNESTLY RECOMMEND
FOR YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION
OUR

RED CLOVER CIGAR

IT UNDOUBTEDLY POSSESSES

MERITS RARELY FOUND

IN GOODS OF THIS CLASS.

A TRIAL OF THE CIGAR

WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT WE ARE MAKING

No Statements but What Are Absolutely True.

The Garden of Love:
From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet not the lay of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.
—William Shakespeare.

The Beauty of the Beauties.
When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights:
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.
—William Shakespeare.

The Forward Violet Thus Did I Chide:
Sweet thief, whence dost thou steal thy sweet
that smell
If not from my Love's breath? The purple
pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The Lily I condemn'd for thy hand,
And buds of Marjoram had stolen thy hair.
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red, nor white, had stolen of both;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.
—William Shakespeare.

The Old Swimmin'-Hole.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! where
the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was
laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round
the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something
we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything
but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left
Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is be-
yond our control,
And it's hard to part forever with
the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the
happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the
old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm
sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and
glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped
to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with
such tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and
old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the
old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the
long lazy days
When the humdrum of school made
so many run-a-ways,
How pleasant was the jurney down
the old dusty lane
Where the tracks of our bare feet
was all printed so plain
You could tell by the dent of the
heel and the sole
They was lots of fun on hands at the
old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your
tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to dapple up
the old swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bullrushes growed and the
cat-tails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell
over it all;
And it mottled the worter with am-
ber and gold
Till the glad lilies rocked in the rip-
ples that rolled;
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy
wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped
out of the sky,
Or a wounded apple-blossom in the
breezes' control,
As it cut acrost some orchard to'rds
the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When
I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the
change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now
crosses the spot
Where the old divin'-log lays sunk
and fergot.
And I stray down the banks where
the trees ust to be—
But never again will their shade
shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could
strip to the soul
And dive off in my grave like the
old swimmin'-hole.

WONDERFUL.

IN JUST THIRTY DAYS WE HAVE PLACED THE

RED CLOVER CIGAR

WITH 453 RETAIL DEALERS.

WE QUESTION WHETHER THE LIKE WAS EVER DONE
IN SO SHORT A TIME WITH A NEW BRAND OF
CIGARS ON THIS MARKET.
AS WE

Are Already Receiving Duplicate Orders

EVERY MAIL, AND NO COMPLAINTS, WE TAKE IT THAT
THE CIGAR MUST BE

GIVING ALMOST UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

THEREFORE, WE DESIRE TO SAY TO ALL DEALERS
WHO MAY WISH TO TRY THE

RED CLOVER

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AND WE WILL GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL
NOT SUFFER ANY INCONVENIENCE THEREFROM.

Sunset.
Day—like a conqueror marching to his rest,
The warfare finished and the victory won,
And all the pageant of his triumph gone—
Seeks his resplendent chamber in the West:
You clouds, like pursuivants and heralds drest
In gorgeous blazonry, troop slowly on,
Bearing abroad the banners of the sun
That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's crest.
In the azure field a solitary star
Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
Reform their glittering ranks, and join again
Their father Phoebus in his golden car.
Whose panting steeds have snuffed the Western
main.
—George Morine.

The True and the False.
How much more doth beauty beautiful seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem it
For that sweet odor which doth in it live:
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hangs on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
clozes.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your
truth.
—William Shakespeare.

To America.
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
Who North or South, on East or Western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing brook; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered—children brave and free
Of the great mother tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spen-
ser's dream.
—Sydney Dobell.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO BE SUMATRA WRAPPER.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO BE THREE-QUARTER HAVANA FILLER.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO BE ALL LONG FILLER.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO BE FIRST-CLASS IN WORKMANSHIP.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO PLEASE THE MOST FASTIDIOUS TASTE.

WE GUARANTEE THE

RED CLOVER

TO PLEASE ANY ONE WHO WILL FAVOR US WITH A TRIAL ORDER.

WE GUARANTEE

That we would be greatly pleased to place the RED CLOVER
CIGAR with every responsible dealer in the United States.

WE FURTHER GUARANTEE

That every statement or representation concerning the RED
CLOVER CIGAR herein contained to be absolutely the truth.

THE RED CLOVER

HAS PROVEN A SOURCE OF PLEASURE
ALL ALONG THE LINE.

THE MANUFACTURER

IS HIGHLY GRATIFIED AT THE SUCCESS OF

RED CLOVER.

THE RETAIL DEALER

FINDS NO DISAPPOINTMENT IN

RED CLOVER.

THE CONSUMER

BEARS EVIDENCE OF THE EXCELLENCE OF

RED CLOVER.

DAN'L STEWART,

SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES.

OLD GIBRALTAR